

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year of setting sun,  
Of stars by night revealed,  
Of springing grass, of tender bud  
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,  
Of autumn's gold and brown,  
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit  
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work  
That heat is than play;  
Of simple cares, and love that grows  
More sweet from day to day.

Another year to follow hard  
Where better souls have trod;  
Another year of life's delight,  
Another year of God.

—John W. Chadwick.

Dr. Dickinson's Prescription

Dr. Dickinson dropped an admunitory hand on Harvey Steele's knee. His nearsighted gray eyes looked encouragingly into his patient's jaded blue ones.

"Now, Steele, don't you dare to open book until September. Go down to the Maine coast, live outdoors and take a salt dip every morning, rain or shine. Do that, young man, and you'll pull through all right."

The magnetic vigor in the doctor's voice and touch imparted something of his courage to the overworked teacher.

"I'll do it, doctor," he promised.  
"Good! By fall you'll be fit as fiddle."

Harvey Steele was tired of books. As principal of the Granby High School, he had won great success; but he had taken too much out of himself. His days had seemed too short; and so he had eked them out by clipping more and more off both ends of his nights. He slept less and less, and at last almost not at all.

Last September he had not known that he had any nerves; in June he felt that he had nothing else. In June he was a question whether he could drag through to graduation. He did, but without much to spare. He never wanted to see another book; he never wanted to teach at that high school again or at any other.

Harvey had told the committee that he wished to resign; but they would not let him. They were willing to take chances on his being in trim condition to come back in the fall. They raised his salary and referred him to Dr. Dickinson; and Dr. Dickinson referred him to The Spruces at Toboggan Point.

So Harvey stayed on the pay roll of Granby, and for three months devoted himself to getting well. Every morning, rain or sun, cold or hot, he donned his bathing suit and mackintosh, jogged a half mile through the pasture, and climbed down over the rocks to the pool in the Amphitheatre.

The Amphitheatre was a cove that faced the open ocean; high bluffs walled it in, and it had slippery, sloping ledges for bottom. Almost up to high-water mark was a pool, forty feet long by twenty feet wide and from two to ten feet deep. It made a perfect place for a bath at any tide.

At first it was all Harvey could do to swim across the pool once. By September he was swimming ten times back and forth without touching bottom. Since June 17 he had not missed a single morning dip.

Harvey was feeling better than he had felt for years. His appetite was ravenous; he slept all night without moving. And he began to think a little of his fall work; but he dared not make any definite plans yet, for on that point Dr. Dickinson's instructions had been peremptory. Still, he could not help thinking. Early on September 5th Harvey started as usual for the Amphitheatre. It was a peculiar day: a fog clung loosely to the shore, and a tremendous sea, raised by a storm outside that had not reached the coast, was pounding on the rocks. Even at The Spruces Harvey heard the cannonading of the surf.

Nothing would have tempted Harvey to miss his bath. Dr. Dickinson was due at The Spruces that very morning, to see how his patient had followed out his prescription. Harvey looked forward to treating the doctor to a dose of his own medicine by getting him into the cold swimming pool the next forenoon.

The tide was at about half flood; an occasional big roller rushed up

over the ledges and surged through the entrance of the pool. Hanging his watch on a rock, Harvey plunged in.

As he swam to and fro he glanced down and saw a little pink starfish in the deep water, close to the seaward end. He decided to get it.

As he climbed a rock to dive, a big sea came tumbling in, with another close behind it. Poising himself, Harvey waited. When the green water had run out, Harvey dived. He groped along the bottom and clutched the starfish. Near it was another, and he resolved to get that, too, but it took him a few seconds longer than he expected. As he turned toward the surface, his head was cracking.

A third great sea, which had rushed in, started to run back just as Harvey came to the top and greedily gulped the air. He was near the entrance, and the wave pulled him down and sucked him out. He caught at projecting rock; but his clutch did not hold, and the undertow dragged him out toward the fog—down over the foaming, roaring ledges, where the rocks were all as slippery as grease, and slimy with gray, olive and brown growths. Some of the rocks were set with barnacles, keen as razors.

As the waves mercilessly washed Harvey back and forth over the rocks, he got some bad cuts and bruises. A big barnacle drew a long red gash down his right thigh. He tried in vain to get a hold with his hands and clamber out.

Blood was running from a dozen cuts, and a sharp pain pierced his side, where he had struck against the rocks. He realized that he was in terrible danger of drowning with that narrow, rock-strewn entrance to the pool, the waves had him at their mercy.

At last he gave up trying to climb out and started to fight his way offshore away from the undertow; but an unexpected difficulty confronted him. For almost a hundred yards the surface was covered with a heaving blanket of froth, like a narrow cave, guarded by sharp rocks, with a pebbly beach not more than twenty feet wide below a white ledge. Yes, it was the "gunk" or nothing.

Harvey started swimming along the edge of the froth, but the cold Atlantic swell had chilled his blood. It hurt him to take a full stroke. Creeping west, with the fog on his left and the carpet of undulating white on the right, he came at last opposite the white ledge that marked the "gunk." Between him and safety lay a hundred yards of heavy bubbles. The head of the little cove was filled with a deep drift that extended well up the beach. Two thirds of the way in was a space of clear water in the midst of the foam.

Harvey hesitated. Once he started to swim under that carpet of froth, he must go on, until he drowned or until he gained the beach. He would never have the strength to fight his way back against the seas. But it was useless to wait. He must aim for the island of open water. The sun was just breaking through the fog as he plunged into the foam.

Instantly the bubbles closed round him—they blinded his smarting eyes; they filled his nostrils. Occasionally he blew them aside, or swept a space clear with his hands. His strength was failing, but he swam with all his might.

He emerged into the opening, and fifty feet ahead saw the white ledge. With one last look to guide him, he plunged again into the froth.

When he was almost at the end of his strength his toes touched bottom. He fell forward and began crawling. Directly under his face the shadow of the foamy coverlet above wavered on little shells and pebbles. Digging his fingers into them, he dragged himself along.

Sharp pains stabbed his lungs. It was only a little farther now to air, to life. Could he win? A few last desperate seconds—feet—minutes—millimetres. Ah! He must die under that horrible froth! One lunge more! For the last time!

Harvey heaved himself forward. It was the last time! His head came suddenly out into the air and sunlight. With his body still covered with foam, he lay panting on the little beach below the white ledge.

Presently he heard voices and saw a party hurrying down the bluff.

creaking cries. Little islands of clear sky began to appear through the thinning mist.

Suddenly a man appeared on the crest of the bluff above the swimming pool, and Harvey's heart leaped. It was Dr. Dickinson! The tweed cap and blue goggles were unfamiliar to Harvey; but even at that distant he could not mistake the gray mackintosh or the abrupt, energetic motions of the man.

Soon the doctor was at the bottom of the cliff. Harvey saw him stop, stare around him for a moment and then bend quickly over; he had discovered his patient's watch and mackintosh and "sneakers."

Straitening up, the doctor looked anxiously round, and then, with his hand over his eyes, gazed seaward.

Reading water, Harvey waved his hands wildly.

"O doctor! O doctor!"

But the ceaseless booming of the breakers drowned his voice; and his signals out on the edge of the fog—down over the foaming, roaring ledges, where the rocks were all as slippery as grease, and slimy with gray, olive and brown growths. Some of the rocks were set with barnacles, keen as razors.

A feeling of bitter disappointment swept over Harvey. He knew that a searching party would come soon, but what could they do? Even if they saw him, they could not reach him; the nearest boat was almost three miles away round the point.

By the time help could come, it would be too late.

The stock of vitality that he had built up so faithfully during the past three months was becoming depleted. His fingers were shrivelled with cold; he must swim, if only to keep his blood flowing. East or west? He hardly knew which way to choose. Again he mentally counted the miles of ledges. No; there was not a single spot where he could land.

No spot! Wait! Forty rods west was a little "gunk"—he remembered how the word had amused him when he first heard it. It was merely a narrow cave, guarded by sharp rocks, with a pebbly beach not more than twenty feet wide below a white ledge. Yes, it was the "gunk" or nothing.

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Presently he heard voices and saw a party hurrying down the bluff.

He was too much exhausted to rise; but he smiled up at Dr. Dickinson.

"Well, doctor, I've finished your prescription. No need of having it refilled. I'm cured."—*Youth's Companion*.

## DETROIT.

The Michigan Chapter, Detroit, Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, has been started in full blast. At its meeting December 22d, in the D. A. D. Club rooms, some twenty-five strong and true responded to the S. O. S. of our President, Mrs. Robert Rollins. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer being read and accepted, brought out the appalling fact that the once great Brauch of that great organization was fading out of existence. To stem the calamity R. V. Jones, seconded by Thomas Kenny, moved that the Detroit Chapter be reorganized and put upon a better and wider footing. The following officers elected at the meeting will show that the members intend to carry out their good intentions, and get what they are going after. The officers for the year of 1922 are: President, Thomas Kenny; Vice President, Ralph Adam; Secretary, Robert Jones (acclimation); Treasurer, Peter N. Hellers; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mrs. R. V. Jones and Arthur Jean. The Board of Trustees elected were John J. Hellers, three years, F. E. Ryan, two years, and Arthur Peneck, one year. With Thos. Kenny and R. V. Jones at the helm, the Detroit Chapter is sure to be in a class with those of New York, Chicago, and other cities. These are the boys who put Detroit on the map through their great efforts in bringing the National Convention to such a success in 1920. All they need now to repeat their former achievements, is to have the co-operation of every deaf-mute in Detroit and vicinity. Friends and foes are invited and welcomed to join.

To put it in the language of Secretary Jones: We need just such an organization as the N. A. D., to fall back upon. To use as a "big stick" as protection against laws that proposed are detrimental to the deaf. United we stand, divided we fall, is one of Uncle Sam's most famous mottoes. Let the deaf emulate this great example of our "Uncle Sammy," and one and all vie with each other for one purpose. When we all come to realize that organization is our only salvation, then and only then will we be able to command recognition and respect from our hearing brothers, and be considered their equals instead of a class of inferior people.

The Detroit Association for the Deaf held its annual elections of officers last month for 1922. Those that were honored were: Henry Furman, President; Clifford Go upil, 1st Vice-President; Asa Stutsman, 2d Vice-President; Ferdinand McCarthy, Secretary; John J. Hellers, Treasurer; Arthur Jean, Sergeant-at-Arms; Board of Trustees, Ivan Heymans, J. Walters and H. Kehun.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the D. A. D. also elected new officers for the coming year. The new officers are all hustlers from president down, and are sure to make this annex to the club a success. Those elected were: Mrs. Alex Lobinger, President; Mrs. C. McSparrin, Vice-President; Mrs. Ben Beaver, Secretary; Mrs. Sohnlein, Treasurer; Miss M. Stark, Sergeant-at-Arms; Board of Trustees, Mrs. Ben Beaver (Chairman), Mrs. C. McSparrin and Mrs. Sanlin.

Another Detroit organization held its annual election for the coming year. The following officers for the year of 1922, to look after the Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf, are: Robert Hahn, President; R. V. Jones, Vice-President; F. E. Ryan, Secretary, re-elected; Walter Carl, Treasurer, re-elected; Jas. Henderson, Robert Huhn and Jas. Snyder, were elected Board of Trustees. The meeting did not adjourn until 6 P.M. The members then waited in the hall until 8 P.M., so as to be on hand to attend the evening service conducted by R. V.

Jones. His subject was "Sin." He vividly portrayed the harm that small word has done in this world.

The Ladies' Guild also held its election, but the promised information of the names of its successful candidates has not reached me yet.

Mrs. Earl M. Shaffer and baby have left for St. Joseph, Mo., to visit relatives. From there she will go to Springfield, Ill., to get acquainted with hubby's relatives. About January 20th, she expects to return to the fireside which has been kept burning by Papa Shaffer. Mr. Shaffer is an employee of the Brough Adding Machine Co.

Fred J. Boucier is taking advantage of his forced vacation to visit his parents in St. Louis, Mich. His three-year-old daughter, Margaret, accompanied him. While he is away, Mrs. Boucier is staying with Mr. and Mrs. R. Stark.

The Ladies' Guild gave a Christmas Tree Social December 16th. Standing room was at a premium, and it was voted the biggest success so far. Mrs. R. Stark and her able committee were jubilant over its success. Rev. Charles was there to help make it one of the most pleasant evenings, and Sunday, December 18th, Rev. Charles held services both morning and afternoon.

In the afternoon, he baptized Benjamin F. Dahm, and Miss Naomi May Tucker. Miss Livonia Graton rendered "Abide with me," in her usual graceful way. Both services were largely attended.

The D. A. D. Christmas tree entertainment, December 24th, was also largely attended. The little ones enjoyed it immensely and so did the older ones. The club with its usual fine thought had erected a miniature Home, with a chimney large enough to admit the corpulent Mr. Hugel to go through. Mr. Hugel acted his part as Santa Claus to perfection, and engraved a place in the heart of every little one by distributing to each a little present.

The D. A. D. also remembered Dietman, the man of all work at the club. Mr. Dietman has been janitor of the club since it moved into its present place. He was presented 64 new one-dollar bills as an appreciation from its members. Ivan Heymans made the presentation.

Ralph Adams, Arthur Jean and Paul Stempowski, left for Chicago December 22d, for a two-week sojourn. These young fellows are the life of the D. A. D. How they will come out at the Pas-a-Pas and S. A. C. is a question the boys here are pondering over. Bets are one to two that they will hold their own. They expect to return before January 9th.

Miss Ann Donohue is among us again, looking the picture of health. She says Chicago climate agrees with her. Of the deaf and its hospitality she speaks in the highest terms. Miss Donohue expects to get back in the Brough Adding Machine Co. soon, where Miss Jesse Stephens is working once more. Here's luck to Ann!

Rion Hiel got tired of waiting for a call from the Dodge Bros. to return to work. He left for Dayton, O., where he expects to secure work. If unsuccessful, he intends to go to Florida, and purchase some land and settle down as a tiller of the soil. His many friends in Detroit regret losing him, but wish him the best of luck.

Mrs. Laura Walker and son spent Christmas week with friends in Windsor, Ont.

What are our Schools for the Deaf for, if one of our unfortunate people must be sent to a place like the Home and Training School. It is really an institution maintained by the State for Feeble-Minded children and adults. The buildings are at Flint, where they have never been heard of.

I have made personal inquiries and have been informed there are three inmates there, who should be at Flint, where they could get better training and education. They also

would be associated with children, who would sympathize with them. Lapeer is only twenty miles from Flint, and this matter should be looked into, if it has not already been done.

Roland Carson, 11 years old, an

inmate of the Michigan Training Home, has been missing since last Thursday, when he was put on the train at Lapeer to go to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carson, Harbor Beach, for the holiday.

"The boy is deaf and dumb. It is thought he got off the train at one of the intermediate stations unnoticed by the brakeman in whose charge he was placed. Information regarding him should be sent to the Training Home at Lapeer or his parents, Harbor Beach."

The best resolution to make by the deaf of Dear old Detroit, is to determine among themselves to be an assistant reporter to the JOURNAL correspondent, although they are responding splendidly to the call for news from me. It would be far better if all would join a Resolve Club and join down every little bit of news they come across and hand or send same to me. I'll do the rest; and so will the Editor if the news deserves the ever-ready blue pencil.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1922.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, N.Y., is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily the address of the institution, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are also responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-bounding sun,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Harry White, which is so graphically described and commented on by our Chicago correspondent, will be learned with sadness by everyone who knew him in his boyhood, his early manhood, and his prime.

He was a brilliant example of the old-time methods, when teachers did not apologize for the use of the sign language in developing the mind. His career at Hartford School, and subsequently at Gallaudet College (in his day the National Deaf-Mute College), was remarkable for its rapidity of intellectual acquirement. He is said to have been the youngest student to enter the Freshman Class in the history of the College. He possessed great native ability, and absorbed knowledge as a sponge absorbs water. His memory was unusually retentive; he was quick, keen and logical; he had wonderful initiative; he dominated by the force of reason; he was both energetic and ambitious—but despite all this, he fought through life a losing battle. His one great defect, and probably the cause of his successive misfortunes, was an ungovernable temper.

There is no parallel to his achievements as a founder of Institutions for the education of the Deaf. The Institution at Phoenix, Arizona, and the Institution at Ogden, Utah, were both founded by Harry White. And in addition he had much to do with the establishment of the New England Home for Aged Deaf, now located at Everett, Mass. He was superintendent for terms of a few years of both the Arizona and Utah Institutions. He lost office in each through intrigue of advocates of pure oralism, coupled with a stubborn disinclination to enter into a compromise in the matter of educational methods. And though he lost, who shall say that he was not right in his contentions. Our own judgment is that he was unfortunate in the manner of upholding the course which he considered best adapted to the welfare of the pupils for whom the schools were established.

He compiled a book of "law points for everybody," that was a good seller and a really useful guide for the ordinary man of business.

He attempted mission work among the deaf in California, but was soon discredited by the authorities of the church under which he was licensed to operate, mainly through factional fault of the deaf themselves. From that time he appears to have been a broken man. But with flashes of the courage that always distinguished him, he battled along, nor asked for help or favors from any one. Finally, he drifted to Akron, essayed tasks beyond his strength, succeeded in getting a more congenial position with lighter work, only to be at last another of

the hundreds of deaf men and women who were forced into idleness by the policy of retrenchment at the big rubber factories which made Akron famous.

That he eked out a miserable existence during the closing days of his career, and died all alone in a city hospital, is very sad indeed. His remains rest in the cemetery burial plot of Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, a college friend in the happy days on Kendall Green some forty years ago, whom God will bless and all the deaf world will praise for his characteristic and generous deed.

## CHICAGO.

Once dapper and dandy and debonair, Nad conventions cheered when his signs would wave; Now, weary and worn, he is resting where None of all he once loved ever visit his grave, So-soaked by the showers of endless years And baked by the beams of the summer sun— Living deaf to cheers, and to jibes and jeers, Is our good gray leader, whose work is done.

Taking his last long "siesta" in alien soil, far from the sun-kissed land where he rose to preeminent greatness as the leading deaf man of his decade—the Gibson of his day—lies Harry White, famous founder of the Utah and Arizona State Schools for the Deaf. Founder and first superintendent—kicked out of each, as soon as he made a success of them, in favor of political supplicants. Like Hagar and Ishmael, forever driven hither and yon by adverse cross-currents in the maelstrom of life, finally coming to rest like water-logged driftwood on the wind-whipped shore of unfriendly climes.

Bearing the buffeting of chance, with back that's bloody but unbowed," Harry White passed out as 1921 was drawing to a close. "A change in luck" were almost his last words—referring doubtless to the priceless privilege of dying between clean white sheets, in a warm hospital, after the weary weeks of suffering in a garret room that never knew heat, on a "flop" that would vex the hide of a rhinoceros. A "change in luck" he called it! Pride had prevented him from making known his dire distress to any of several who could have given him a clean shake-down in a steam-heated flat, to fight against the increasing choking constriction of asthma and bronchitis which finally clogged up lungs and windpipe, and spelled the end. He, who once knew superb slumber, between the silken sheets of a superintendency, considered it the acme of luck to die in the County Hospital.

Clarence Murdey and the Rev. P. J. Hasenstab were his last callers, summoned by John Young, a few hours before White died. Rev. Hasenstab, himself seriously ill, he could scarcely walk, gave what comfort he could to the once-famous leader of our race, the night of December 30th. Early next morning, with only a hearing nurse beside him, old "Prof." Harry left to answer the final roll-call.

A wire to his daughter in Rome, N. Y., evoked a telegram authorizing "a conservative funeral." It was decided to bury him way out among aliens; but Rev. Hasenstab's pretty daughters had other ideals. "Why not bury him in your lot, Papa?"

"But it is only big enough for us Hasenstabs alone," he replied.

"Think you we will all eventually sleep together," the daughters came back. "Hardly; some of us will some day slumber with our own husbands and children, so why not utilize the vacant place of one of us for your old college mate to rest through long years with at least one who knew and loved him—with a friend of his youth?" And so Harry White rests in the Hasenstab plot in Fairmount.

The services partook somewhat of a college air. There were three ministers uniting in the service—all Gallaudetians: Reverends Hasenstab, Rutherford and Flick. Except for John Young,—old White's most interested listener in the days when he would creep to warm his weary bones in the cozy rooms of the Pas-a-Pas—all the pallbearers were collegians: Dr. Dougherty, Purdum, Murdey, Codman, and Frank Johnson. Dick Long, '81, was present, but too sick to serve.

White's only college classmate in Chicago—Lester Goodman, '80, an employee of the post-office—curtly replied he was "too busy" to attend, when notified over the phone of the funeral. Mrs. Meagher sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Mrs. Hasenstab rendered "Asleep in Jesus." Floral tributes came from the Gallaudet Chapter of Chicago, Pas-a-Pas, Ladies' Aid Society, and Epworth League.

By putting two and two together, we find that old White's emaciated frame was due to under-nourishment. Unable to peddle his telephone accessories in the inclement weather of the loop, he practically starved. It is remembered now how glad White always seemed when anyone invited him to step up to the Pas-a-Pas cafeteria table Sunday nights. We took it mainly for good-fellowship. Sick and starving, down-and-out, the ex-great man never whined. Never asked for pecuniary aid.

Gaunt, gray, tottering, he wheezed and coughed his way around, with only the eyes—keen and glowing like an eagle's—to tell the world that this was all that was left of a once dominant figure.

Not long ago Dr. Dougherty asked if he intended to publish a new and revised edition of his famous book of two decades back, "Law Points for Everybody"—now un procurable. "No; I am an old man, and have not long to live," White replied. Just then Dick Long—a freshman when White was a sophomore—passed, and White asked regarding Long's fami-

ly, his two pretty daughters, and his loving wife. All well. The sadness of eternal ages lined White's well-defined old face, as he uttered a comment poignant with meaning: "You have held your family together better than I have."

New Year's annual "Open House" at the Sac, culminating with the installation of officers of N. F. S. D. Division, No. 1, was carried out with eclat as usual.

Parts of our stately, solemn ritual were gone through before a large crowd of friends and strangers, gathered in an observant oblong. President Morton Henry, in his address, stated No. 1 is in progressive condition, as while the average age of members joining most hearing fraternals is well advanced, the average joiner of our division is only a little over twenty-three, or so Chicago seems to lead in size, having 209 resident members, and 138 non-residents, 347 in all.

The best address of the evening was given by the new headquarters man, Arthur L. Roberts—late principal of Kendall School, Gallaudet College. "Bobs" opened by stating "frat night" during the Detroit Nad convention (Bobs is Secretary-treasurer of the N. A. D.) was the most inspiring spectacle he ever saw in deafdom—800 healthy, intelligent, prosperous deaf men from all sections of the country, gathered in a solemn ritual so well learned they went through it like trained soldiers. Roberts paid high tribute to the "little group of wilful men" who formed Chicago Division No. 1 and stood to their guns through the trying years of the society's growth. Fratnight then was a laughing stock. "Had that corporal's guard surrendered, fratdom would have been killed then and there," he stated. "We used to be ashamed of our homely red-blue-black-white button; but now we are PROUD of it."

Roberts prophesied we will have 100 divisions by next New Year's. "Our field is scarcely tilled; instead of the 5000 members, we ought to have 20,000 to 25,000. We will branch out in Canada soon." Stated the greatest benefit the society conferred was it eradicated sectionalism. "The frat has proven one old saying a lie! It has proven we deaf CAN stick together. The N. F. S. D. is the greatest thing that ever happened in Deafdom."

Grand Treasurer Edward Rowse gave a skeletonized report on the society's finances. "We Chicagoans had a big banquet celebrating our reaching the \$100,000 mark back in 1915—when the society was fourteen years old. Now, six years later, we have several times that—approximately \$352,000. Over a third of a million dollars."

Robey Burns, who is booming a new division in Jacksonville; Marsh of Indianapolis division; Murdey and Troel of No. 1, also spoke before "Miracle Man" Johnnie Purdum wound up the evening.

Purdum extended greetings from the Nads to the frats, the elder brother to its stronger younger brother. He spoke on the death of Harry White, to be buried next day. "White was a hold-out; before he was too old, I urged him to join the frats, but he was never persuaded. Now it is too late. He died penniless, knowing not where to look for his next meal."

Robey Burns, the wizard coach, was among the teachers and pupils departing for Springfield at noon January 3d. While here, "Robbie" bunked at the "Bobs"—having worked as supervisor at Kendall School, Gallaudet College, while the Roberts were principal and matron there. It is a coincidence that all three high-power human dynamos reside in Illinois.

Among those spending the holiday season in this bairic were: Peter Schat and Eric Ornberg, Flying Squadron graduates at Goodyear; Morris Seltzer, St. Louis; S. Stempowski, Ralph Adams and Arthur Jean, Detroit; Mrs. Sallie Gray, Breckinridge, Mo., the guest of Mrs. E. Hunter; Wm. Riordan, Dubuque, Iowa; and Miss Mary Stein, Madison, Wis.

This Miss Stein, a graduate of the Wisconsin State School, lost her hearing when a few months old. A strikingly pretty, demure, unspoiled little lassie, was so impressed by the glamor of Sac gayeties that she announced her intention of vacationing here next summer. A deaf man in a hearing university is a seven-days wonder; how much more so a deaf Co-ed. Miss Stein was the subject of extensive interest during the holidays.

That Ralph Adams has a strange and striking situation for a deaf man—stone deaf. He is one of the thirty "testers" in the Fordson plant. A "Fordson" is a baby-tractor, made by Henry Ford, which has reached sudden and country-wide popularity among the farmers. Adams runs them up a testing hill, over bumps, and through quick turns and other maneuvers, meanwhile warily watching the sparkle and splutter of the spark-plugs and feeling the purr of the motor. Adams states deafness is nowise a handicap to him in this job. Having several times been "roughed" by Ford police and yardmen, when seen tinkering with an engine he was testing and being unable to answer question with his hands full of grease and oil, the company made special certificates in leather cases, which

alleviate the olden suspicion of loyal Ford cops.

January 3d, Miss Anna Sebek, the pretty blonde "reformed-oralist," left for a few months in Los Angeles. "They never come back" once they taste the exquisite joys of perpetual summer at Ponce De Leon's soda water-fountain.

The Christmas tree of Catholic circles outdid all other trees in one respect—the magnificence of a single individual gift. The silent flock of Father Mahan gave him one of those new portable Remington typewriters with case—advertised at \$60—and abundant stationery supplies, while Father Mahan's hearing parishioners presented him with an auto. (The auto was not, however, on the tree—only Fords can be hung up on average sized trees.) George Brasher acted as Santa.

Frank Riha is limping around after having been bed-ridden over a month. The trial of the taxicab driver who ran him down is set for the near future.

Dr. George T. Dougherty reached the ripe young age of 62 on the 4th, and the customary traditional party—given when any patron of All Angels' Church has a birthday on Wednesday—was tendered the young-old Irishman. Followed the customary whisky party with the customary six small prizes, completing the customary enjoyable evening.

Chicago friends received cards from Colorado Springs, bearing greeting from Nad president, Dr. J. H. Cloud.

Mrs. Adolph Olsen graduated into the grandmother class December 29th, when her oldest boy held open house to Dr. Stork.

Under the capable management of retiring president John D. Sullivan, the Sac watched the old year out and the new year in, with the same confetti-covered carnival spirit as last year. The 50 cents admission price did not prevent a packed house. New Year's Eve seem to be one of the few nights when social gayety at the Sac is on a plane fully commensurate with that stupendous undertaking.

At the same time the Pas-a-Pas held a bunco party—14 tables and a big crowd of onlookers. First prizes went to C. C. Codman and Mrs. Meagher.

The Pas announces a change of date. Dr. Dougherty's lecture, scheduled for the 28th, has been postponed to February, so as not to interfere with the regular quarterly Nad meeting at All Angels' on the 28th. Cafeteria supper will be served by the ladies from 5 to 7:30. At least such is the advertised arrangement. Speaking privately, however, and from personal experience, we would judge the cafeteria supper won't last until 6—provided the cooking is up to its customary high standard.

Dates ahead. January 21—Whist, All Angels' Church. 22—Confirmation service, Bishop Anderson. 28—Quarterly Nad meeting at All Angels'. February 4—Masquerade ball, frats, at Sac (one of the big things of the year).

THE MEAGHERS.

## Obituary.

Friends of Miss Caroline Volk, of this city, were shocked to learn of her sudden death on Thursday of holiday week. Returning from a visit to friends on the west side of 40th Street, Miss Volk was in happy spirits. She had reached the corner of Fifth Avenue and 35th St., a few blocks from her home, when she fell to the sidewalk, and died before aid could be summoned. Heart failure was the cause.

Graduated from the 67th Street School, Miss Volk was a woman of strong and noble character. For years she had been the main support of a widowed and enfeebled mother, and on many occasions forfeited the pleasures of her deaf friends in favor of her parent.

Always a loyal and consistent member of the Xavier Ephphatha Society, Miss Volk had been a staunch supporter of the late Rev. M. R. McCarthy in his work among the deaf. Rarely was meeting or service held at St. Francis Xavier's, than Carrie Volk could be found well up in the front row of seats.

The authorities removed the body to the Morgue, it was stated, and had not Father Dalton been notified by the Bellevue Hospital staff, the remains might have been interred in an unknown grave. Her relatives were later notified, and the funeral took place on New Year's Day, from her late home.

She is survived by several cousins, and will be mourned by a large circle of deaf friends.

## CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 8 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places, by appointment.

## TEXAS.

## ST. LOUIS NOTES.

Have you sent in your \$2.00 for the JOURNAL to start the New Year right? If not, send it direct to the JOURNAL office, and you will probably see something said about you.

The Silent Auto Club had its New-Year celebration on December 31st, with a very good and merry crowd. The games and diversions were in harmony with the driving out the old year and welcoming the New Year. Confetti and tape papers and paper caps were worn by almost every one. The eats and drinks were in abundance. Due thanks are to Mr. Ernest Miller and his subordinates.

Mr. W. N. Bennett, who has been out of work so long, has kicked the dust off our burg for awhile and gone somewhere south to try his fortune.

The writer, together with his wife and five months-old baby, spent part of the holidays in San Antonio, visiting with relatives, seeing the sights, homesickness for Austin however soon brought him and his family back to the Capital City.

Those of the deaf who spent the holidays at home were entertained in various ways. The men having a daily 42 tournament during the entire holidays, which was won by Prof. W. H. Davis, who came out on top practically every day of the tournament, he was closely followed by his brother Robert L. Davis, the rest of us were merely also-rans, most of us having only one or two games to our credit each afternoon. Several have answered him.

During the Rev. James Cloud's absence from the city, January 1, 1921, his lay reader, Mr. A. A. Maden had to open the church to those who wanted to hear the word of God.

Mr. Jacob Perlmuter, uncle of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Perlmuter, departed this world on the 2d ult., for the better one in the great beyond. Our sympathy goes with the bereaved family.

The Silent Auto Club will meet at Keystone Hall (3619 Flinney Avenue) on the third Friday of each month. Come and give us what enlightenment you have in store for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stafford took advantage of the holidays in Pana, Ill., visiting their only daughter and son-in-law and grand daughter. They reported having a very good time.

It is said that Mr. Ernest Miller's home was robbed recently by some professional burglar, carrying off something of \$100. We do not know where our famous policemen were.

Mr. J. H. Burgherr and his wife entertained their three children and a baby at a Christmas tree. They live at 1953 Utah Street. Mr. Burgherr is one of the Auto Club members.

The next Frat ball will be February 18th, 1922. As it is the last ball before Lent, come and have a good time and swell the Frat bank.

REXY.

Will Smith, of Fulton, Ill., died October 22d last, and was buried the following Sunday. He was ill for over a year. The pallbearers were all of his deaf friends. He attended school at Jacksonville, Ill.

On October 5th last, the stork left a baby daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Bryant, of Clinton, Iowa. The mother and baby are getting along fine.

Car Hits Auto.—On November 6th last, a street car collided with the automobile of W. F. Longhren, 204½ West Second Street, at Seventh and Taylor Streets, wrecking the rear wheels of the motor. No one was injured.

## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Stanton M., New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League celebrated the Thirty-Sixth Anniversary of its founding with dinner, at "The Academy," West 79th Street, on Monday, January 2d.

Three of the founders were present, each looking pale and hearty, in spite of the more than a third of a century since the time when as a youthful quartet they planned and started the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. These three were Samuel Frankenheimer, Charles Bothner, and Adolph Pfeiffer. The fourth was Joseph Yankauer, who died more than twenty-five years ago.

There were thirteen round tables with seats for ten, and all were filled. Following was the menu, which was excellent both in cuisine and service:

### MENU

Grape Fruit aux Maraschino	
Supreme of Gaspe Salmon Sante Tartare	
Parisienne Potatoes	
Consumme Potage a la Vosdale	
• Table Celery Olives Gherkins	
Sliced Tomatoes Salted Almonds	
Fresh Beef Tongue Sante Polonaise	
Potato Croquettes	
Punch a la Capelle	
Roast Philadelphia Capon Petit Pois Verts	
Laitue	
Macaroons Assorts Glace au Citron	
Cafe Noir	
Apollinaris	

The toastmaster was Mr. Frankenheimer, and he made the opening address, which, in the parlance of the present time would be designated as "short and snappy," and quite all right from every point of view.

Concluding, he called upon President Capelle, who is just beginning his second term in that office. That august official made a brief but appropriate reference to the fine condition of the organization today, and the plans that will make for progress during the year 1922. He promised to do all he could to promote the athletic branch of the league, and expressed the belief that the young athletes would add to the prestige already acquired on the cinder path and the diamond.

Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, honorary member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, was next introduced by the toastmaster. He began by a recital of the early struggles of the four young founders, and praised the persistence and pluck with which they overcame the obstacles met in the first ten or more years of the league's existence. He pointed to the splendid facilities for recreational pleasures which were afforded today, and congratulated the young men who joined during the past few years, pointing out the fact that they had at once become full partners in rich and prosperous organization, which had cost the early adherents so much in time and effort and money to build up.

Messrs. Charles Bothner and Adolph Pfeiffer each in turn told incidents in the initial stages of the league's advent among the organizations of the deaf in New York, and each received a hearty hand at the finish of his remarks.

Albert V. Ballin was then called upon to render "The Marseillaise" in signs. His dramatic effort was really admirable, and acted with such consummate skill that onlookers were thrilled and applauded tumultuously at the close.

For the benefit of our readers who are not familiar with the National Hymn of France, it is here appended:

### THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

By Rouget de Lisle, 1792.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsons  
—hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling host, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheathe;

March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate depots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded.

To mete and vend the light and air,

Like beasts of burden would they load us;

Like gods would bid their slaves adore;

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms! to arms! ye brave! etc.

O Liberty! I can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame!

Can dungeons, bolt, or bars, confine thee?

Or whip thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing

That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,

But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms! ye brave! etc.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox responded to the toastmaster's invitation. He told of his many duties that pre-

vented him from taking advantage of his membership privileges, but assured all that he was in sympathy with the objects of the league, and interested in its continuous progress. He was witty and earnest alternately, drew many a laugh and received unstinted applause.

Mr. Frankenheimer made a closing address, and then by taxi and elevated the majority of the members repaired to the club rooms, where conversation and games enlivened the hours till nearly midnight.

The Dinner Committee, who are entitled to praise for the fine outcome of the celebration were Samuel Frankenheimer and Emanuel Souweine, with the President *ex officio*.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association has grown so greatly in membership within the past year, that the youngest lady members saw fit to give an entertainment last Saturday evening, in the Guild Hall of St. Ann's Church. That is how it happened, though the Rev. Mr. Kent would have it that the real reason for this "Minstrel Show" was to provide Miss Margaret Sherman with an alibi to wear her brother's cast off trousers at least once more, and to give Miss Florence Lewis also the opportunity to don corduroy trousers and hear them whistle when she moved. Whatever the reason, however, there were over two dozen college alumni and their invited guests present at this little private theatrical, where of the following is the program as it would look if printed in the midst of advertisements for the local merchandise establishments:

### OVERTURE

(Whole cast spilled out upon the stage.)

Song and Dance—"I'se a Lady's Man." Mistah Florian Hannibal William, of Orange Lewis.

Solo—"Camin' thro' de Sugar-Cane." Miss Stella Cinderella Jane Maxwell.

Interlude—"Roll on, then ivory cubes, roll on." Orchestra (i zither, 2 bassoons.)

Dance—"De Rushin' Bullet." Mrs. Sairy Seraphy Amaryllis Ragna. Mr. Maraschino Julep Sherman.

Song—"Way off on de Deep Sea, Dat's All." Miss Sophie Citronella Floribelle Boatwright.

INTERKISSON

(Love Scene, Mistah Florian Hannibal and Miss Cinderella Jane.)

Recitation—"De Blue Wash-tub Bluing."

Mrs. Sairy Seraphy Amaryllis Ragna.

Solo—"Mah Luchinsky has done lef' me!" Mr. Maraschino Julep Sherman.

Duet—"All Chickens Cross de Road fo' to meet a Lady's Man." Miss Sophie Citronella Floribelle Boatwright. Mr. Florian Hannibal William of Orange Lewis.

Song and Dance—"Ah kain't sing de old songs, cuz mah knees shivahs." Miss Stella Cinderella Jane Maxwell.

Grand Exit—"Now Us is Je's Gwine ter be Ain't." Ensemble.

The stage, as set for this show, had an excellent barn scene. The fair faces of the young ladies participating had been duly treated with stove foolish to bring out a realistic, tho' shiny, conformation to role. Coontown costumes were furnished by a reliable Lenox Avenue authority. As for acting, each player was cast in the most favorable character according to her natural talents. For facial expression, Mrs. Ragna won the fur-lined asbestos curling-tongs. For complete success in effacing all traces of femininity from her manner, Miss Lewis got the pearl-handled, ready-shrunk razor case. For the way she handled a silver-headed cane without betraying any suggestion of the amateur masculinist, Miss Sherman coped the Harveyized steel button-hook; and for her portrayal of the ogling, snickering "culed vamp," in short skirts and white stockings, Miss Maxwell entwined herself to the morocco-bound nail-file. Miss Boatwright carried off the hand-engraved kitchen poker for her simulation of a middle-aged back-fence gossip. Honors seem to be evenly divided in this respect, except that the whole show is the inspiration and creation of Mrs. Ragna. Refreshments were served with the liberal aid of Mrs. Kent and Miss Mabel Hall.

### MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87,

N. F. S. D.

New York's newest organization of the Deaf, Manhattan Division, No. 87 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held its preliminary meeting for purposes of organization on Tuesday evening January 19th, at the meeting place they have secured, Savigny Hall, 229 Lenox Avenue, right near 125th Street, which brings it to about the center of population for all New Yorkers, down town, up town, Harlem, Bronx and Washington Heights, and the Public Installation will be held there on Wednesday evening, January 18th, at 8:15, when all Frats from everywhere, their lady friends, as well as gentle men friends, whether members of the organization or not, are invited to be present. The ranking officer of the N. F. S. D. hereabouts, who would ordinarily be in charge, is Grand Vice-President A. L. Pach, but Mr. Pach gives way to Grand Secretary F. P. Gibson, whose tour South-west, South, and East, will close with this affair. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have visited many cities on this tour and have been heaped with

bonors and kindnesses, and the two months trip has not been without its strain, and it affords them very much pleasure to be guests in New York just prior to heading for home. While here they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann, of 157 West 105th Street.

The JOURNAL will give a complete list of the officers and charter members, who number 41, all having been transferred from Brooklyn Division. While members of the new Manhattan Division actually, they will, in spirit, continue with No. 23, co-operating to make that Division's Annual Ball on February 17th the usual great success, and all have tickets to dispose of for that affair.

On December 29th, 1921, at Savigny Hall, which is located at 229 Lenox Avenue, N. Y., there was a marriage. Mr. Harry Metzner, whose parents are both deaf mutes, to Miss Rose Storper, who can hear and talk. There was a gathering of about 300 people, which included about ten deaf couples, whose names are herewith: Mr. and Mrs. David Costuma, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Einsberg, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacobs, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wasserman, and they had a great and glorious time. For dinner, we had the following:

### MENU

Fruit Cocktail  
Chicken Soup Noodle  
Salted Almonds

Celeri Olives Pickles

Fresh Kennebec Salmon Tartar Sauce  
Parisian Potatoes

Fresh Beef Tongue Sauce Polonaise  
Crostettes Surprise French Fess

Spring Chicken Long Island Duck  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad Compot

French Pastry Fruits  
Water Ices Bon Bons

Demi Tasse Mineral Water

### H. A. D. NOTES.

Mr. Louis A. Cohen spoke on "How Sin Enters the Heart," at the Friday evening services on January 6th. This Friday, the 13th, Dr. Thomas F. Fox will be the speaker. Subject: "The Season of Amity." All welcome.

The business meeting of the H. A. D. last Sunday afternoon, January 8th, had quite a record attendance. The main "attraction" was nomination of officers. The following is the slate:

President, Harry J. Goldberg vs. Benj. Friedwald; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Anna S. Weisz vs. Sam Goldstein; 2d Vice-President, Manlie Kamisky vs. Lester Hyams; Secretary, Miss Sallie Karten vs. Jack Seltzer; Treasurer, Wm. Krieger by acclamation. Election will be held in February.

A fine Motion Pictures Exhibit took place in the evening of same day.

### N. A. D. NOTES.

Chairman Harry A. Gillen, of the Social Committee of the Greater New York Branch of the N. A. D., wishes to announce the success of the Gallaudet Dinner on December 10th last, was due greatly to the kindness of Mr. M. L. Kenner, President of the New York Branch. He presented to the Association 400 printed invitation tickets and 100 folder menus free of charge.

The kind action on his part will add about twenty dollars to the treasury of the New York Branch.

A full report will be made out at the next meeting, which is expected some time during February.

Announcements about meeting and place will be made later.

Epiphany Day services were held at St. Ann's Church on Friday evening, January the sixth. The principal feature was a rendering of the old church song, "We three kings of the Orient are," by Messrs. Adolph Pfandler and John Funk, and Prof. W. G. Jones. The song was delivered in costume, to represent the Three Wise Men. A brilliant star of electric lights had been suspended in the dome above the altar and chancel, to fit in with the words of the three singers. Another conspicuous feature of the services was the first appearance in the choir of the Misses Ward and Woelker, of New Jersey, who delivered the most successful example of joint singing that has been witnessed in this church for a long while. The Rev. Mr. Kent made reference in his sermon to the late Dr. Chamerlain. As Dr. Chamerlain passed away last winter at the end of forty-nine years of service in St. Ann's, it was fitting that recognition be given of the fact that he missed the half century mark by only one year.

The fancy dress ball of the Clark Deaf-Mutes Athletic Association, to be held Saturday, January 14th, at the Floral Garden, northeast corner Broadway and 146th Street, will start the New Year's series of entertainments as one of the biggest and best. The ball itself has no equal in appointments in this city. Everything possible for comfort and enjoyment of patrons will be found there. The Clark boys have

a reputation as entertainers both on the Athletic field and in the ballroom. This time they have exerted themselves to set a record. A generous list of cash prizes will go to those the most original costumes. Remember it is not with the most beautiful, or the most comical, but the costumes that can show something new and strange. A big crowd is expected, and here's hoping every one who reads this will be "among those present."

An interesting wedding took place on January 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Weisman, at 208 Beach 85th Street, Rockaway Beach, when Joe Weisman and Miss Mollie Goldwasser of Kingston, N. Y., were married. An excellent reception followed the ceremony. The bride and groom are spending their honeymoon at Philadelphia with the groom's brother, a well known musician. They will make their home at the Concours, New York City.

There is something new, and interesting, in the latest form of Indoor Field Athletics and games, in the guild room of St. Ann's Church, on Saturday evening, January 21st. You will enjoy the affair to your heart's content, the writer assure. The contestants will be girl only. The proceeds will go into the Building Fund.

Handsome and useful prizes will be given to the winners. Please come and convince yourself.

Miss Marion C. McCoy has joined the winter colony at Rockaway Park, as she resides in a cozy two family house on Washington Avenue, Rockaway Park. Miss Marion says it is not any colder there than it was at her former residence on Washington Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Fink announced the marriage of their daughter, Bessie, to Mr. Abraham M. Miller, on Monday, December 26th, 1921. They will be at home, 640 West 171st Street, after January 10th.

Miss Anna M. Klaus has been confined to her home with a mild case of tonsilitis, which made unhappy the days of the waning Christmastide. She is now fully recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Schultz spent the New Year week end at New Haven, Ct., and had a very enjoyable time.

### PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Saturday evening, December 31st, a number of the local deaf were gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smaltz. They came at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler, who are at present living with the Smaltzes. The evening was spent in merry conversation, and Mrs. Fowler served refreshments. Thus was continued a custom of previous years, of having a number of mutual friends congregate at some one's residence, to watch for and welcome the incoming New Year. All went quietly until the stroke of twelve, when the whole company with enthusiasm made their full quota of noise.

Those who were present included Mrs. C. Orvis Dantzer, Miss May E. Stepmore, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Lipsett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Gunkel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Yoder, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Yerkes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wisler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pennell, Misses Kathryn and Florence March, Miss Estyle Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler and Mr. and Mrs. Warren M. Smaltz.

Regarding the meeting recently held in the interests of the Hebrew Deaf of Philadelphia, we quote the following account from *The Jewish Exponent*, which is self-explanatory:

"A large and enthusiastic meeting of Beth Israel Association of the Deaf was held on Thursday evening, December 15th, 1921, under the auspices of the Committee on the Deaf of the Council of Jewish Women and the Advisory Board, consisting of Judge Horace Stern, Mr

## OREGON—WASHINGTON.

Mr. Piker, formerly a Portland resident, but for several years living in Colorado, has come back. He goes to Coquille to work at his trade of carpentry.

Hiram Hancock, of Fallon, Nev., who has been working in the farming section east of the Cascades, is back in Portland, but is going to Jerome, Idaho, to make his home with his brother.

The Portland Silents beat the W. S. S. D. five Friday night, 37 to 15. The Portland bunch can hardly be said to be ready for the grave by many years, but Coach Hunter can be indicted as cradle robber and kindergarten kidnapper. The visitors were experienced and showed team work, while the school five were green.

Dean Horn operated the school truck in hauling the visitors. He could hardly make the grade, and found the radiator empty. Ed Spieler holds a responsible position with a public utility company. He reverses the old adage about working his way up to the top from the bottom, for he has ambition. He works his way down. He digs holes for the poles.

Professor Langlois has the audacity to ask me, "Where do you verify what you write about?" Now, isn't that just like the trained man of science? He makes no statements without qualifications. A fact is not a fact to him without being established by investigation and incontrovertible by adverse proof. An inch is not an inch if it deviates from the standard by the millionth; still, exact science has been responsible for the wonderful agencies used in the Great War.

Philip Henry Divine calls me an "educated fool." He is Irish, and the Irish are apt to blurt out the truth or to flatter. It may be a compliment or an insinuation. So I look wise and smile.

The School for the Deaf and Blind at Gooding, Idaho, has asked for \$61,305 for the ensuing school year.

Mrs. Eva Ellen Johnson Reeves and Alice are going to Seattle, to visit relatives and friends. Claire Reeves stays on the farm to look after the biddies and cows. So I lose a chance for an easy job of living sumptuously on real cream, waterless milk, fresh laid eggs, fried chicken, homemade canned goods of the finest quality, and delicious Jonathan, winter banana, Delaware, and Winesap apples, ready by a cheerful fire and sleep in a feather mattress beneath downy blankets. Woe is me!

Today the deaf are surprising the Cravens at their home in St. Johns.

The Gallaudet Day School at St. Louis, Mo., has been conducting night classes for the deaf. The Rev. Dr. Cloud is doing necessary work that will prove of great benefit to the adult deaf. A British general claims the German army was universally well educated and individually able to interpret official orders, that there was absolutely no illiteracy, and that fact accounted for the hard struggle of Allies in overcoming them.

Oscar Sanders has come back north from Sunny California, and he says "never again." Too many of all classes looking for a job.

Rob Rogers, of Ellensburg, has gone to Los Angeles for a visit.

Kenneth Willman, operated on in Akron, never got well. In Los Angeles, the surgeon reopened the cut, and found the Akron man had left a drainage tube in!

Cosgrove is working as a baker in Los Angeles.

Ed. Chasse is working in the paper mill at Camas.

Chas. Brouhard and Bessie Heckman Brouhard, of Camas, called on their four children at the W. S. S. D.

Fred Kuhn and Emily Westbrook at last really married.

THEO. C. MUELLER. December 18, 1921.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER Pastor, 2226 N. 16th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHERON, Pastor. Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—2 P.M.

Sermon—3 P.M.

Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

## ALTOONA, PA.

Recently there came news of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Margaret Walker, of Johnstown, and Mr. Charles McArthur of this city, and also another engagement of Miss Nina Treese, of this city—and Mr. Gauntner, of Patton. These girls are very pretty.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saylor, at 615 E. Grant Avenue, had a big New Year supper for their deaf friends on Monday evening. They had an enjoyable time.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brookbank, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh, Mrs. Abe Richman, Miss Grace Butterbaugh, and Mr. Charles McArthur. At a late hour they returned home, reporting a fine time.

Rev. F. C. Smislau preached a very interesting sermon, on Sunday night, the 18th of December. We enjoyed it very much.

Miss Grace Butterbaugh, of Marion Center, has been visiting her uncle and aunt, J. H. Butterbaugh, for a few weeks during the Christ mas and New Year holidays.

A surprise birthday social was held at Mr. J. H. Butterbaugh's, at 319 Beech Avenue, on Saturday night, the 17th of December. They had a discussion concerning a future lecture. Mr. George Curtin was appointed as Chairman, and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh Assistant Chairman. A nice luncheon was served.

Before the social adjourned, a number of useful gifts were given to Mr. Butterbaugh. One of them is a large, beautiful, electric lamp, from the Pittsburgh Frats and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh. Mr. Butterbaugh is going to the Pittsburgh Frat meeting on the 7th, and will then express his thanks for the gift.

There will be a social at Mr. and Mrs. George Curtin's January 21st. Wish the social success.

### BISHOP OF MARYLAND

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

### SERVICES

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M. Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M. Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M. Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M. Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M. Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Wednesday and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M. Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M. Other Places by Appointment.

### ST. THOMAS MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge. Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader. Miss Hartie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

### Alphabet Athletic Club

MARCH  
11

1922

Particulars later

### DANCE & GAMES

—BY THE—

### SILENT ROYALS

TO BE HELD AT

### WAVERLEY HALL

Waverley and Myrtle Avenues, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Saturday, March 18, 1922.

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

TICKETS 35 CENTS

COMMITTEE

Frank Patena, John Martin, Jr., Salvador Anzalones, Harold Elbert

## DO A GOOD TURN AND HAVE A GOOD TIME

### Basketball & Dance

HUDSON CO. BRANCH  
Versus  
TRENTON, N. J. BRANCH  
N. A. D.

AT PEOPLE'S PALACE  
Bergen Ave. and Forrest St., Jersey City

Sat. Ev'g, Feb. 11, 1922

Admission: Ladies 35c; Gents 50c

From Summit Ave. Take bus "Bergen" direct to Palace, or C. R. R. of N. J. from New York and Newark and get off at Jackson Ave., Jersey City. Walk 2 blocks to Forrest St.

Committee reserve all rights.

### Investment Bonds

Government  
Railroad  
Public Utility  
Industrial

Samuel Frankenheim

18 WEST 107th STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

### SAFETY

S E C U R I T Y	S E
Paying an Income of	R
From 4% to 8%	V
DENOMINATIONS OF	I
\$100 \$500 \$1000	C
Committee reserve all rights.	E

### SATISFACTION

Member of  
National Association of the Deaf  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf  
New England Gallaudet Association  
Correspondent of  
Lee, Higginson & Company

HOO-OO-OO!  
THE OWLS'  
Entertainment

AT  
ST. ANN'S CHURCH  
511 West 148th Street

February 21, 1922

ADMISSION 35 CENTS

### WHIST PARTY

FOR THE

Benefit of the Building Fund

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH  
511 West 148th Street

Saturday, April 22, 1922

at 8 o'clock P.M.

ADMISSION 35 cents

PRIZES

ANTHONY C. REIFF, Chairman.

### AN INVITATION TO

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO MEET IN DENVER

IN 1927

St. Valentine Party

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Johnny Willets Social

Club

Proceeds for a Club Room

TO BE HELD AT

WAVERLEY HALL

Waverley and Myrtle Avenues, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Saturday, February 11th, 1922

at 7:30 o'clock

TICKETS 35 CENTS

COMMITTEE

Frank Patena, John Martin, Jr., Salvador Anzalones, Harold Elbert

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

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